THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1804. [No. 9.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 84.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I HAVE been referred, by a curious friend, to a paragraph in a village paper, that bears the form of an advertisement, but which is worthy the perusal of other eyes than those of debtors and customers, to whom it imports to be more particularly addressed. I think it should be rescued from the obscurity of an ordinary gazette, to be honoured with a more extensive circulation than has yet been its fate. I admire the concise brevity of its style, and the simplicity and candour of its author, and, under these impressions, I have copied it for the literary patrons of the Port Folio:—

CATHARINE KEISS,

Residing in the corner-house, North Queen-street, informs herewith, that she is married to Frederic Reinert; and that, in addition to her former assortment of store-goods, she has for sale, Groceries, at the most reduced prices: also, Musical Instruments, Notes, Fiddlestrings, &c.

She likewise requests, for the last time, those who are indebted to the estate of Andrew Keiss, deceased, to discharge their respective debts without delay, otherwise she will be under the necessity of resorting to other measures.

January 31, 1804.

The first idea which its perusal presents to the mind is the variety of purposes which it serves. In the short compass of a dozen lines it announces a death; proclaims a marriage; serves as an advertisement of goods on hand, and tells us that wedlock has excited the idea of *harmony* in the author's mind by enabling her to deal in *musical instruments*, *notes*, and *fiddle-strings*. It informs the world that Catharine Keiss is executrix of one husband, and wife of another, and concludes with pleasant intelligence to the neighbouring lawyers. The sign over Caleb Quotem's door does not announce a greater variety of business.

The next idea which strikes the reader's mind, is the dignified pride, and laudable self-importance of the writer in preserving the name of her former husband—'*Catharine Keiss informs herewith that* she *is married to Frederic Reinert*,' she thought herself sufficiently condescending in taking *him*, but resolves not to take *his name*, that the public may know that wedlock, with her, was but a secondary consideration, and possibly Frederic Reinert may not be a loser in allowing her to retain *her name*, for the lucrative considerations of a wife; an executorship; a stock of goods on hand; and musical instruments, notes, and fiddlestrings; together with the privilege of being plaintiff in a multitude of actions. We hope he will be grateful, and afford her no just occasion to substitute the shrill screams of her own *pipe* for the harmony of her *fiddlestrings*, and that it may be long before she surprises him by *changing her notes*.

The third idea which strikes the reader is, that she not only preserves her former name, but also her importance. Catharine of Russia had not more authority over her numerous husbands, than our Catharine appears to have over Frederic Reinert. Although, as she *informs herewith*, she is married, she is yet determined that he shall not have *all* the privileges of a husband. For *she* still has for sale groceries *at the most reduced prices*; also, musical instruments, notes, and fiddlestrings. *She* calls on *her* debtors for payment, otherwise *she* will be under the necessity of resorting to other measures. *Her groceries* are sold at *the most reduced prices*, but as no price is affixed to the *musical instruments*, *notes*, and *fiddlestrings*, we may presume that HARMONY is purchased at her house at the common price, although we hope that Frederic Reinert will not be obliged to pay more for it than others.

A fourth idea which is presented to the mind by this laconic note, may recal to our recollection the epistle of a French lady, which was couched nearly in the following terms:

"*My dearest Annette*,

Sympathise with your wretched Josephine at the death of her *Beaumont*, who died about an hour since, and has left me overwhelmed with grief and despair.

Ever yours,

JOSEPHINE."

"P. S. Apropos! send me some rouge."

A cynical writer has remarked that a woman's postscript always contains the material part of her letter, but if this observation be generally correct, yet the postscript of our lady is assuredly an exception, for she certainly was more in want of a *husband*, than of *rouge*, unless, indeed, grief, in the short period of an hour, had robbed her cheeks of all their colour, which most probably was not the case, and then, indeed,

'One need not sure be ugly, tho' one grieves.'

Frederic Reinert must certainly be happy in the possession of a wife, who will give him no trouble in the management of her affairs, and we should advise him to act cautiously, as more disagreeable sounds are sometimes heard in a house than any which can be produced by *musical instruments*, *notes*, and *fiddlestrings*.

TOUCHSTONE.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 6.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

In order to gratify the public, which seems to entertain a just relish for the writings of Mr. Kiddnap, I shall indulge, for the present, more in extract, and less in remarks, than I at first had intended. The following is taken from that chapter which is intitled 'A comparison of the fates and characters of ancient and modern democrats.'

"One can scarcely open any page of history without finding occasion to lament the fates of democratic leaders. A few of them, it is true, have received a recompense for their talents in the gratitude of the multitude, or in the riches or dignities they have attained, but by far the greater number have either lived, contemned by the very populace they have attempted to excite to liberty; or perished, miserably by sword or pistol, halter or poison. In the circumstances of their death, however, the leaders of the democratic parties do not differ, materially, from those of the aristocratic. It being the common fate of great men to be cut off ignominiously in free states, in their turns, according as one or another faction predominates. But in this aristocratic have always had the advantage of democratic chieftains, that, whilst the former have been immortalized in song or in history, the latter have been either wholly neglected, or held up to contempt or detestation; having their names used as stalking horses by malignant wits, to terrify or amuse the populace. The reason of this procedure, which wants correction, seems to be this, that literary men are, for the most part, needy, and thus dependant on the aristocracy, or else they are anxious for what they call honourable fame, and to be esteemed, as their cant is, of the few. Whence it happens, that, as soon as the democratic influence is extinct, as it usually is, after a short, but splendid, day, all these literary men set themselves about gratifying the aristocracy; and by the means of their histories, poems and annals, load the leaders of democracy with all the odious and abominable epithets they can imagine; thereby transmitting them to posterity as enemies of good order, as ambitious, avaricious, or licentious persons, fit objects of abhorrence and execration. Taking into consideration these misfortunes, so long the bane of the democratic interest, I have lately presented a memorial to Mr. Jefferson, proposing that now, while he is in power, he should cause a

new officer to be appointed, to be called Historiographer to the President; whose duty it shall be to preserve an imperishable memorial on white sattin, (which, of all democratic materials, is found most likely to get down to posterity) of the life, principles, and manners of the executive, as also of all those heads of department and great men of his party, with whose fame the reputation of democracy is, in this country, chiefly connected. In an especial manner, I proposed, it should be his duty to watch over the joints of the harness, and to strengthen all those weak points of character and conduct at which the aristocracy seem, with most prospect of success, to level their deadly shafts. In this memorial I took also the liberty to suggest the particulars which ought, in my opinion, first to occupy the attention of the historiographer. Thus, for instance, I thought, he should be required to set about an early disquisition on the chastity of the president. That in this he should do away those odious and abominable stories of black Sall and Mrs. Walker; either expressly, by proving an *alibi*, or else, in Mr. Jefferson's own manner, by bringing all the females of his family, his cook, his waiting and chambermaid, his milliner and laundress, to give their depositions as to the consummate coolness of his constitution, often tried and always impregnable. Here I stated it would cast a lustre upon the fortitude of this hero, if the deponents would enter a little minutely into details, and give to the public the circumstances of the attack; under what *colours* he resisted; and particularly whether, at the time of the assault, he was panoplied in his black breeches or his red. The next object to which the historiographer should direct his labours as I suggested in my memorial, is to rescue the literary fame of our president from the dangers which threaten it. Here all the allegations made against him, as a writer, such as egotism, vanity, flimsiness, weakness, falsehood, a love of the wonderful, and of low popularity, should be explained, justified, or refuted. The courage of Mr. Jefferson might also be a subject of special inquiry and illustration. It might easily be shown, that, when he fled to the mountain, he walked backwards, with his face to the enemy; and that his retreat was, on a small scale, not a whit inferior to that celebrated one of Moreau, or of Xenophon and his ten thousand. But the more fully to repel that scandalous insinuation, touching the derangement of his animal economy on that occasion, it is certainly worthy of the majority of our present congress to appoint a committee of their own body, *de braccis inspiciendis*, with full powers to send for person, paper, and wardrobe. To the end that the matter may not be kept covered any longer, but that Dr. Mitchell may have an opportunity, with the aid of his chemical tests, to examine the contents, and ascertain whether there be any thing more than the ordinary *residuum*, after a complete process of digestion, or whether there be, as has been asserted, a supersaturation of noxious effluvia, the effects of fear upon the *viscera*. An investigation which Dr. M. is, I know, very anxious to make and which is also altogether worthy of his genius. The historiographer might afterwards take in hand the heads of department. He might represent Mr. Gallatin, as he is, modest, unaspiring, content with his condition, and raised to eminence by merit only. He might also repel that other odious calumny, which alleges he is a foreigner, in thirds, Swiss, Genevan, and French, whereas it can be proved, by good living witnesses, faithful democrats, that he is a native American, born and bred; who has never been out of the country, but is as true a citizen, and speaks as good English as the best of us. In other respects the task of our historiographer would be easy. He would be required only to supply general Dearborn with a portion of intellect, and general Varnum with a *quantum sufficit* of information. General Jackson might need an apology for his want of religion, as Dr. Mitchell might for his failure on the score of modesty. Perhaps it might be a difficult task to paint Matthew Lion as a gentleman, or to prove Mr. Dawson's manhood, or Mr. Randolph's puberty, yet even here it would be better to have an authorized officer, whose duty it shall be to varnish over defects, than to leave the whole democratic constitution exposed to the effects of those political changes, which, sooner or later, have never failed to prove fatal to it.

"I mention this subject of an historiographer incidentally only; believing it to be the only certain remedy for the evils to which I allude. It being my principal design in this chapter to enforce and explain this observation of mine, that it has been the fate of almost all democratic chieftains to receive cruel treatment from men, calling themselves historians, annalists and the like. The truth of which is made very obvious, by every page of those writings ancient and modern, which treat of the struggles, which take place about the time of popular commotion. I shall illustrate my idea, by a recurrence to the history of a very eminent democrat of antiquity, who has suffered the unjust treatment, before mentioned, and has become undeservedly odious in the opinion, even of men, who, were he now living would, not only be his associates, but willingly, give him their support, as a candidate, for the Vice-Presidency, at least. The person, to whom I refer, is Lucius Cataline. By means of one Sallust, a notorious aristocrat of antiquity, who, in addition to his connection with the wealthy patricians, was a man of the most dangerous talents, he has been delivered down to posterity as a most desperate villain, whereas it is very apparent from even his enemy's own statements, that Cataline was a most worthy and true republican, well versed in the principles of civil liberty and an able and resolute, but, Alas! an unfortunate assertor of the rights of man. In order to make this out to the satisfaction of the public and to rescue from detestation a name, deservedly dear to all true democrats, I shall enter a little minutely into those traits of character, which Sallust has delineated, and render it apparent, how unjustly he has been treated by that historian, and how different a figure, he would have made, had his party been successful; that is, had Cethegus been chosen first Consul, or President of the United States; as the Roman republic would, probably, in such case, have been called.

"The first trait of character I shall notice, is that famous one, "*alieni appetens, sui profusus.*" As to the first part of which, I humbly conceive, it cannot be brought, in this country, as a serious charge against any man. The *alieni appetens* being the true spirit of commerce. For all property in the world being parcelled out, every thing having an owner, no trade could be carried on, no bargain could be driven, if it were not for that laudable anxiety to make property shift hands; and whether we, democrats, have a higher title to this virtue, than the federalists, I am as yet at a loss to determine. That Cataline was *sui profusus*, I have no doubt, but how any writer could criminate him, on this account, is the difficulty. Surely a man has a right to spend his own property if he pleases. We are not told that Cataline had either wife or children, who might be brought to want by his profusion. It is true, there are some strong reasons to induce a belief that he was a widower and had step-children, dependant upon him, but as he took care to place them in high offices civil or military, no reason can be given, on this account, why he should abridge his natural inclination to expense. Suppose young Cataline was "*captus amore Aureliæ orestellæ*" and also "*multa nefanda stupra fecerat.*" What could be more venial in the state of manners, which then existed at Rome, than one or two mistresses; especially as he lavished, for aught appears, only his own property upon them? Upon this part of Cataline's character I have taken an opportunity to converse with Edmund Randolph, Edward Livingston and the Vice-President. The idea of kept mistresses was very shocking to the morals of all those gentlemen; particularly of the last, who shuddered at the suggestion; saying that, in a young country, the bare mention of such a vice might be detrimental. But as to his being *sui profusus*, they were unanimous that he had a right. There was no just ground of complaint, unless Cataline had been *alieni profusus*, that is, had squandered the property of other people. In this case, whether he was justifiable, or not, depended upon circumstances. 'For if,' said Mr. Randolph, 'Catiline had been Secretary of State, and had appropriated a few Thousand dollars of the public money, to his private pleasures, it could be vindicated by the most direct precedent.' 'The same would be the case,' said Mr. Livingston, 'if he had made a similar appropriation, out of monies, coming to his hands, as district attorney, or as Mayor of a rich corporation.' 'Or if he had happened,' said Mr. Burr 'to have been appointed administrator to a wealthy stranger, who had died in the country. The heirs being foreigners, there would have been no harm in the world, in spending among free republicans the estate of subjects of a foreign despot.'

Another charge against Cataline is, that he was often seen in company with those, '*qui alienum æs grande conflaverant.*' As if a man, by being in debt, was made a less pleasant companion, or a worse vote, or a less useful instrument. Whereas let any man consider past history, or present experience, and he will find that the best patriots, those, who have been the loudest and boldest, in behalf of the multitude, have been, the most often, these, who were not in the best circumstances, as to money matters. A hectic in the purse never fails to produce an irritability in the nervous system, which, by judicious treatment, is made to terminate in patriotism of the most active and intelligent kind. Indeed very proper and natural is it for those, who have no cares of their own, to watch over, and be solicitous about, the concerns of other people.

"The speech of Cataline to his comrades, as Sallust has reported it, is undoubtedly a noble specimen of eloquence, and has hitherto been unparalleled, in the records of democracy. Yet, without detracting any thing from this great man of antiquity, the speech, delivered by Mr. Burr at that meeting, which was holden in Philadelphia, by our party, previous to the late election of President and Vice-President of the United States, for the purpose of designating candidates for those offices, seems to me not at all inferior, to that of this celebrated Roman. I have a copy of that speech taken, in short hand, at the time; and I shall now favour the public with an extract from it, not so much with the design of giving celebrity to Mr. Burr, as to vindicate that great ancient democrat from the slanders of the aristocracy. That the ensuing extract possesses that terse, pointed, and bold style, peculiar to the vice-president, every one must acknowledge. The propriety of the language and the argument, to the persons present and the occasion, is also very apparent.

But the purpose I have in view, to do equal justice to these bright luminaries of democracy, can alone be effected by making them reciprocally illustrate each other. I shall, therefore, place their respective speeches at once before the public, to the end, that, at one view, it may perceive the conformity of purpose, opinion, language, and character.

'For after the establishment of the federal constitution, all power and influence fell into the hands of a few federalists, who created themselves judges, generals, and officers of the revenue. The people and states became tributary to them. While to us, the hardy and staunch republicans, they denied all credit and countenance because we were not of the party of those, who, if the government had been in right hands, would have trembled beneath us. Of consequence, all places of honour and profit are in the hands of a few federalists, or where they choose to distribute them; while we are harassed by difficulties, repulses, executions, and poverty. How long, my brave fellows, will ye endure such an administration? Is it not better to swing for treason, or to be imprisoned under the sedition law, than to lead a tedious and suspected life, insulted by an haughty aristocracy? But, indeed, by G—, victory is in our hands. Republican voters multiply. Irishmen throng in our streets. Against the federalists, enervated by success and riches, every thing conspires. We have only to agree and adhere to our candidates, and all shall be as we wish. For who, that has the spirit of a man, can endure that, by their riches, they can build ships and rows of houses, while some of us, with all our ingenuity, can scarce keep clear of the jail. That they can command two or more mansions, while some of our party, who have been, at least, a month in the country, have not a roof, they can call their own, over their heads, while they purchase bank stock, six per cent, and deferred, and by selling out of one fund and buying into another, amass immense riches, which excite rather than allay their thirst. To most of us there is want at home, and creditors abroad; bad circumstances and worse prospects. In truth what have we left, but this wretched existence? But let us exert ourselves. Behold the election—the election, so long and anxiously expected, is approaching. It places before our eyes office, salary, power, pre-eminence, all these are the rewards of success. Let occasion, opportunity, difficulty, want, and the rich spoils of the treasury, more than any eloquence of mine, animate you. As for me, make use of me, either as president or vice-president. In soul and body I am yours. Of the last office, at least, I trust, I shall not be disappointed, unless indeed I am deceived in your characters, and you prefer to remain private citizens, rather than to become political rulers.'*

* Nam postquam respublica in paucorum potentiam jus, atque ditionem, concessit; semper illis reges, tretrarchæ vectigales esse: populi, nationes, stipendia pendere: cæteri omnes, strenui, boni, nobiles, atque ignobiles, vulgus fuimus; sine gratia, sine auctoritate, his obnoxii, quibus, si respublica valeret, formid ni essemus: itaque omnis gratia, potentia honos, divitiæ apud illos sunt, aut ubi illi volunt: nobis reliquerunt pericula, repulsas, judicia, egestatem. Quæ quousque tandem patiemini, fortissumi viri? Nonne emori per virtutem præstat quam vitam miseram, atque inhonestam, ubi alienæ superbiæ ludibrio fueris per dedecus amittere? Verum enimvero, pro deum atque hominum fidem, victoria in manu nobis est: viget ætas, animus valet. Contra illis, annis, atque divitiis, omnia consenuerunt. Tantummodo incepto opus est: cætera res expediet. Etenim quis mortalium, cui virile ingenium est, tolerare potest, illis divitias superare, quas profundant in extruendo mari, et montibus coæquandis, nobis rem familiarem etiam ad necessaria deesse? Illos binas, aut amplius domos continuare; nobis larem familiarem nusquam ullum esse? Cum tabulas, signa toreumata emunt, nova diruunt, alia ædificant; postremo omnibus modis pecuniam trahunt, vexant; tamen summa lubidine divitias suas vincere nequeunt. At nobis est domi inopia, foris æs alienum; mala res, spes multo asperior. Denique quid reliqui habemus, præter miseram animam? Quin igitur expergiscimini? En illa, illa, quam sæpe obtastis, libertas, præterea divitiæ, decus, gloria, in oculis sita sunt; fortuna ea omnia victoribus præmia posuit. Res, tempus, pericula, egestas, belli spolia magnifica, magis quam oratio mea, vos hortentur. Vel imperatore vel milite me utemini. Neque animus, neque corpus a vobis aberit. Hæc ipsa, ut spero, vobiscum una consul agam: nisi forte me animus fallit, et vos servire magis, quam imperare, parati estis.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF MR. COOPER THE TRAGEDIAN.

In America, where business is every one's occupation, but few remarkable characters have appeared, and scarcely a biographer has been found to distinguish those few, before the world. However congenial the mystery of money-making may be with a cheerful evenness of temper, it is certainly inimical to genius; and where the opulent lounger would foster, the man of trade frowns on the efforts of imagination: our luxuries are exotic, our entertainments imported, our public spectacles more or less excellent, as they approach the European models, of which they are the distant imitations. The barrenness of our literary domain is not therefore to be wondered at; nor where the soil, tho' so rank has hitherto been so uncultivated, should it surprise, that when a native plant has sprung up, its virtues have not been recorded, or when a foreign one transplanted here, has thriven, though its qualities may have been used and enjoyed, they have not been sufficiently made known, or justly appreciated. The writer of the following memoir, is among the earliest in this country, to attempt the delineation of a living character, and the subjects one of the most eminent of those whose walks of life, have not been political, that have presented themselves to the biographer. The undertaking is made with that diffidence, which respect for the world's voice, and the magnitude of a biographical attempt inspire: the writer's motto is *Neminem libenter nominem, nisi ut laudem; sed nec peccata reprehenderem, nisi ut aliis prodessem.*

Mr. Cooper was born about the year 1777, of reputable parents: His father was a surgeon, and acquired considerable property in the East, under Warren Hastings's Indian administration—but of the greater part, if not all of this, his widow and children were at his death, which was abroad, defrauded and left destitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken, out of friendship to his family, and in some sort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well-known author of the Essay on Political Justice, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer, and no doubt inducted into the visionary democratical sentiments of his instructor. He is probably one of a very few, who have been apprenticed to authorship; and as it is impossible to determine the bent and much more so the soundness and strength of a mind so young, it is somewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's understanding should train a boy to write books, before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them—What Mr. Godwin's particular method of education was, we do not know; and though when his opinions are adverted to, it should seem it was not a system of restraint, yet when Cooper's readiness on most subjects is considered with his negligent habits for some years past, a belief cannot but be impressed, that the foundation laid, was, of its kind, a good one.

Such a pupil to such a master must have been roused, and delighted by the French revolution. Cooper was scarcely seventeen when his enthusiasm prompted him to relinquish the pen for the sword, and to seek a commission in the armies of the great Republic, the just-sprouting, sensitive and uncertain laurels of the author were blasted—civic and mural crowns, ovations and *sabres d'honneur* were much more glittering, and accordingly it was already determined he should engage for the banners of equality and confusion, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded the brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown in the cause of liberty—Then it was, he turned his attention to the stage, and communicated his wishes to his benefactor; they were received with coldness and regret, and not till after some time assented to, and then with decided disapprobation. His intention however being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give him some preparatory lessons. When he was thought prepared, many difficulties occurred, before a suitable place could be procured for his first appearance: at last Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auspices, and Edinburgh was concluded on. The writer of this sketch has heard Cooper describe with great pleasantry his first interview with the Scotch manager: he was at that time a raw country youth of seventeen. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of rustic foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his success. When he mentioned his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed, from a polite smile to the stare of disappointment: Cooper had been prepared for young Norval; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuses from the manager, and the chagrin of seeing some nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the season he continued with Stephen Kemble, without ever appearing. From Edinburgh he went with the company to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there he lived as dependent, inactive and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a person to fill the part of Malcolm in Macbeth, he was cast to that humble, character—in so inferior a sphere did he begin to move who is now become one of the brightest luminaries of the theatrical hemisphere. His *debut* was even less flattering than his reception, from the manager had been. Till the last scene he passed through tolerably well, but when he came to the lines which conclude the play

'So thanks to all at once and to each one
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.'

after stretching out his hands and assuming the attidute and smile of thankfulness, slight embarrasment checked him, and he paused, still keeping his posture and look—the prompter made himself heard by every one, but the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, every instant of his silence naturally increasing ten-fold his perplexity—Macduff whispered the words in his ear—Macbeth who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death to assist his dumb successor, the prompter spoke up almost to vociferation—Each Thane dead or alive joined his voice—but this was only 'confusion worse confounded'—if he could have spoken the amazed prince might with great justice have said 'So thanks to all at once'—but his utterance was gone 'vox faucibus hæsit'—a hiss presently broke out in the pit, the clamour soon became general, and the curtain went down, amid a shout of universal condemnation.

After this discomfiture, Cooper returned not a little humiliated to England. Where or what he lived from this time till his appearance on the

London boards is not known, though believed to have been among the country theatres, and valetudinary, a chequered life, 'per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum:' Had he been so disposed, this leisure afforded a fine opportunity for study; probably it was spent at least in mechanical preparation, though Cooper's conduct and belief are very well known to be governed by Biron's sentiment.

'Study is like heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from other books.'

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES. SECTION FIRST.

Of the orators who preceeded Demosthenes, and of the character of his eloquence.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of the human mind, that there were two republics, which have left, to the whole world, eternal monuments of poesy and eloquence. It was from the bosom of liberty, that the lights of good taste, which still illuminate the civilized nations of our times, were twice scattered over the earth. It is with great impropriety, that some have called, the age of Alexander, that, which commenced with Pericles, and finished under that famous conqueror, whose triumph in Asia, had certainly no part in the literary glory of the Greeks, which expired, with their liberty, precisely at that epocha. Of all the great empires, which preceeded his, nothing has remained, but the remembrance, of power overthrown; but the arts of imagination, the taste, the genius, have been, at least the noble inheritance, which ancient liberty has transmitted to us, and which we have collected, from the ruins of Rome and of Athens.

Those arts, so brilliant, carried to so high a point of perfection, had, like all other human affairs, but feeble beginnings. That which remains to us, of Antiphon, of Andocides, of Lycurgus the rhetorician, of Herod, of Lesbonax, rises not above mediocrity. Peri[illegible]es, Lysias, Isocrates, Hyperides, Iseus, Eschynes, appear to have been the most conspicuous in the second rank. Demosthenes stands alone in his. We see, in what remains of Isocrates, a diction ornamented, elegant, of a sweetness, a grace, and, above all, a harmony, studied with a scrupulous exactness, which is, perhaps, carried to excess. His natural timidity, and the feebleness of his organs, kept him from the bar, and the tribune. But he procured for himself, another kind of illustration, by opening a school of eloquence, which was, for sixty years, the most celebrated in Greece, and rendered the greatest service to the art of oratory, as Cicero testifies, in his judgment of the Greek orators. I cannot do better, than to produce this sketch, made by so distinguished a judge, who was much nearer than we are, to the objects of which he speaks.

"It was in Athens," says he, "the first orator existed, and that orator was Pericles. Before him, and his contemporary, Thucydides, we find nothing which resembles the genuine eloquence. It is believed, however, that a long time before, old Solon, Pisistratus, and Clisthenes, had merit, for their time. After them Themistocles appeared superior to others, by the talent of speaking, as well as by political information. In fine, Pericles, renowned for so many other qualities, was also for that of a great orator. It is agreed also, that Cleon, though a turbulent citizen, was, nevertheless, an eloquent man. At the same period, Alcibiades, Critias, Theramenes, present themselves. As there remains to us, nothing of any of these, it is only by the writings of Thucydides, that we can conjecture what was the taste, which reigned, at that time. Their style was noble, elevated, sententious, full, in its precision, but even by that very precision itself, somewhat obscure. As soon as the effect was perceived, which might be produced by a discourse well composed, persons appeared, who offered themselves as professors, in the art of speaking. Georgias of Leontium, Thrasimachus of Calcedon, Protagoras of Abdera, Prodicus of the Isle of Cos, Hippias of Elea, and many others, made themselves names in this way. But their pretensions had too much ostentation; *for they boasted, that they could teach, how a bad cause could be made a good one.* It was against these Sophists that Socrates arose, who employed in his warfare against them all the subtleties of his dialectics. His frequent lessons formed many learned men. It was then, that morality began to make a part of phylosophy, which, till then, had employed itself wholly in physical sciences.

"All these, of whom I have been speaking, were already on their decline, when Isocrates appeared, whose house became the school of Greece, a great orator, a perfect master, who, without shining in the tribunals, without going from home, attained to such a degree of celebrity, as no man, in the same career, has, ever since, reached. He wrote well, and taught others to write well. He knew better than his predecessors, the art of oratory in all its parts; but, above all, he was the first to comprehend, that, if prose ought not to have the rythm of verse, it ought, at least, to have numbers and harmony appropriate to itself. Before him, they knew nothing of any art in the arrangement of words. When such arrangements were happy, they were the effect of accident; for nature herself inclines us, to enclose our thoughts within a certain compass, to give to our words some convenient order, and to terminate our phrases, most commonly, in a manner more or less numerous. The ear itself perceives that which fills it, or that which is wanting; our phrases are divided by the intervals of respiration, which not only must not fail us, but which cannot even be restrained without producing bad effects."

Cicero speaks afterwards of Lysias, of Hyperides, of Eschynes, and after having given them the praises they merited, he expresses himself thus, Demosthenes combines the purity of Lysias, the wit and refinement of Hyperides, the sweetnes and splendor of Eschynes, and as to the figures of thought and the vehemence of discourse, he is above all: in one word, nothing can be imagined, more divine.

The applause of Demosthenes, flows perpetually, from the pen of Cicero, as that of Racine does from the pen of Voltaire. Thus each of them, never ceased to exalt the man, whom he might have dreaded the most, and whom he resembled least. It must be, no doubt, one of the advantages of genius, to feel more sensibly than others, the charm of perfection, because it knows all the difficulty of it; and this attraction ought to contribute to place him above the jealousy natural to rivalry. His pleasure, in that case, prevails over his self-love: he enjoys too much to envy any thing: he is too happy to be unjust.

There are, unfortunately, exceptions to this truth, as to all others; but I am thinking, at this time, only of examples of equity, and that of Cicero is so much the more striking, the justice he does to Demosthenes, is so honourable to them both, as the characters of their eloquence are, as I have just said, absolutely different. Cicero is, of all men, the one, who has carried to the highest perfection the charms of style, and the resources of the pathetic. He delights in his magnificent exuberance. He narrates with all possible address, and pours out his tears with dignity and grace. It is nevertheless this orator, who esteems Demosthenes as the first of men, in the judiciary and the deliberative eloquence, because no man advances so directly and surely to his object, which is to hurry away the multitude or the judges. It is Cicero who extols the superiority of Demosthenes, the elevation of his ideas and sentiments, the dignity of his style, his irresistable energy and victorious vehemence. Fenelon renders him the same homage, and prefers him to Cicero himself, whom he loves however to enthusiasm; such being the fate of Demosthenes, to subjugate, in every kind, both his judges and his rivals.

All the obstacles he had to overcome, and all the effects he made to correct, to promote the flexibility and perfectibility of his organs, and to render his oratorial action worthy of his composition, are well known: but, perhaps, there has not been sufficient attention bestowed on the grandeur, of that singular idea of harranguing on the shores of the sea, to exercise himself, for speaking afterwards before the people. He considered, in a very just point of view, the similitude, between these two powers, equally tumultuous and imposing, the waves of the sea, and the agitations of the people in their assemblies.

Reasonings and emotions, comprise all the eloquence of Demosthenes. Never did a mortal, give to reason, arms more penetrating and irresistible. The truth is in his hands a piercing lance, which he brandishes with equal agility and force, and whose strokes he redoubles, without intermission. He strikes, without giving time to breathe, he pushes, presses, overturns, and is not one of those, who leaves his adversary on the ground, the means of denying his fall. His style is austere and robust; such as becomes a frank and impetuous soul. He rarely embellishes his thoughts; this care seems to be beneath him; he thinks of nothing, but to drive it entire to the bottom of your heart. No man made less use of the figures of diction; none has more neglected the ornaments: but, in his rapid march, he drags after him his audience, where he pleases: and that which distinguishes him, from all the orators, is, that the kind of suffrage which he commands, is always for his cause, and not for himself. We say of others, they speak well. We say of Demosthenes, he is right.

SECTION 2.

Of the different branches, of oratorical invention, and in particular of the manner of reasoning oratorically, as it was employed by Demosthenes, in his harrangue for the crown.

Oratorical invention consists in the knowledge and the choice of the means of persuasion. They are drawn, generally, from things or persons; but the manner of considering them, is not the same, in many respects, in political deliberations, as it is in judiciary questions. In these, what is commonly the point? Such a fact, is it evident? Is it a crime? What law is applicable to it? The age, the profession, the manners, the character, the interests, the situation of the accused, do these render the accusation probable, or improbable? This is the foundation of the judiciary division. In the deliberative, the question is, according to the ancient rhetoricians, concerning that which is honest, useful, or necessary. But Quintilian rejects the last case, and, taking the word in its most rigorous acceptation, for that which we are constrained to do by an inevitable necessity, he pretends that this necessity cannot exist, when we prefer the liberty of dying. And he cites, as an example, a garrison, to whom it should be said, it is necessary that you surrender, because, if you will not, you shal

all be put to the sword: and he adds, there is in this no necessity, because the soldiers may answer, we had rather die, than surrender. Neither the reasoning, nor the example, appear to me conclusive. There is not indeed an absolute necessity to surrender, when they rather choose to die: but in the art of oratory, as in morality and politics, a relative necessity is admissible, and the question may be considered in another point of view. We may inquire, whether the place is of sufficient importance, to sacrifice to its preservation, the lives of so great a number of brave men, who might still, for a long time, serve their country? And in that case an orator might very well establish, as a necessity of preserving to the state, the defender whom it may want. This species of moral necessity, may have place in a multitude of parallel cases. It is nothing more than a utility more imperious. It is, in truth, the only necessity which can be brought into deliberation: for the constraint, which arises from physical force, is not susceptible of discussion.

We cannot answer all, by saying, We will die, as we cannot satisfy all by knowing, how to die. It is always a kind of courage, it is true, but it is neither the most rare, nor the most difficult, nor the most useful. Many receive death, when it is sure, with a resignation, which may be called firmness, but not energy. Energy consists in braving the danger of death, when it is yet doubtful, in risking every thing to avoid it, and in refusing to meet it but in the last extremity. We shall be, forever, an example of the reality of this distinction: nor is it the first which history affords, but it is the most striking of all. If so many citizens drawn to dungeons and to punishments, under the reigns of our tyrants; if so many men, who have shewn so much patience in chains, and so much serenity on the scaffold, had possessed the genuine courage, the courage of the head, they would have perceived, that the victims being much more numerous than the hangman, and these being the vilest of men, would not have dared every thing, but because the others suffered every thing.

They would have felt, that when there is no longer any law, but force, it is a thousand times better to perish with arms, in our hands, if we must perish, than to be dragged to the shambles: and it would have been sufficient to demonstrate the resolution, to have imposed on wretches, who never could do more than cut the throats of men, without defence. The rallying point of every citizen is the law, and as any other kind of force, is erected against it, he ought to answer it only by laying his hand upon his sword. It is for this end it was given him and as an ancient poet has said

'Ignorantne datos, ne quisquam serviat, enses?'

If the lesson we have received in this respect was necessary, it has been so strong, that we may hope it will not be lost. Let us not then take words of common use in the rigour of a metaphysical language, which has sometimes led the ancients into error; and in that of the art of oratory, let us call that necessary which may be so named in morals, that is to say all which is indispensably commanded by the public interest: and in this relation nothing enters more naturally into the order of deliberations.

The ancients made another kind of general division. The Judiciary, says Cicero, turns upon equity, the deliberative upon honour, or in other words, the one upon that which is equitable, the other upon that which is honourable. Here, we perceive the difference in the genius of languages, and the diversity of acceptation in the corresponding forms of one language to another. For we shall demand in the first place whether all that is honourable is not equitable, and whether all that is equitable, be not honourable. But in the language of their Bar, the Latins understood by equity, that which is equal, that which is conformable to positive right, to the laws; and by honest, that which is conformable to universal morality, to the conscience of all men; and this distinction was not chimerical; for the laws are necessarily imperfect, but conscience is infallible; whence it follows, that the law which cannot foresee all cases, often offers decisions, which are not such as exact honesty would dictate. In this sense one of our authors has said in a Tragedy 'The law often permits what honour forbids" and here honour signifies what it ought always to signify, honesty.

Thus, to avoid a confusion of ideas in our language, we shall say, in adopting the division of Cicero, that the Judiciary, turns upon that which is of the legal order, and the deliberative, upon that which is of the political order: and as in both, justice, moral and social order are equally interested, we shall conclude, afresh, that these divisions coalessce and are confounded together in general principles, whether of nature or art, although they are separated by the diversity of cases, which ought to determine that of oratorical materials.

These materials are 1. The proofs deduced by reasoning which applies the principles to the questions. 2. The proofs drawn from facts, which are to be established or denied, or explained according to the rules of probability, and all this supposes logic. 3. Authorities and examples, which are of so great use and so great power in eloquence, and which suppose the knowledge of history. 4. That which the ancients have named common places, that is to say the truths of morality and experience, generally applicable to all human actions; considerations drawn from the instability of all things in this world, the dangers of prosperity, the caprices of fortune, the commiseration which we owe to distress, the pride of wealth, the inconveniences of poverty, and a thousand other such things the detail of which is infinite, and which an orator ought to employ according to his occasions, which demand philosophical views of the condition of human life; 5. In fine, the sentiments and the passions, which the Latins called, Affectus, and the Greeks, παθη, and which we have very much restrained, by a word, which is not equivalent, the word pathetic, which comprehends only indignation and pity, whereas the generic term of the Greek and the Latin, included all the affections of the soul, which the orator may put in motion as favourable to his cause or his opinion; compassion and resentment, love and hatred, emulation and shame, fear and hope, confidence and suspicion, grief and joy, presumption and diffidence. This is peculiarly the province of a great orator, and which depends, especially on the movements of style. It was in this part that Demosthenes excelled. He has not made use of the affecting pathetic, like Cicero; his subjects did not lead him to this; but he has in a superior manner, handled the vehement pathetic, which is more proper to the deliberative kind of eloquence as the other is to the Judiciary. You now see, whether I have been mistaken in bringing history and philosophy, into the plan of a course of literature such as ought to be pursued by any one who wishes to be in reality a man of letters. For a man of letters ought, by no means to be a stranger, to the talent of speaking, and this talent in order to rise to a certain degree, ought to be supported by all the knowledge, which I have pointed out.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c

[Continued.]

In Congress, March 25, 1780.

Resolved,

That the papers and original affidavits relative to the capture of the brig Eagle, John Ashmead commander, under a fort in the island of Saba, be filed in the office of the secretary of the United States in congress assembled.

That authenticated copies thereof, signed by the said secretary, be transmitted to their High Mightinesses the States General of the United Provinces by the minister plenipotentiary of these United States at the court of Versailles; and that he be directed to apply to them for their aid in procuring satisfaction for the loss of the said brig Eagle and cargo, and for some assurance that the flag of the United States of America shall be protected from insult when in the ports of the United Provinces.

Extract from the minutes.

CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary.

I, Charles Thomson, secretary of the United States of America in congress assembled, do hereby certify, declare, and make known to all whom it may concern, that the several writings hereto annexed, are true and exact copies of their respective originals, filed in my office agreeably to a resolve of congress of the twenty-fifth day of March instant.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal at Philadelphia this thirtieth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty, and in the fourth year of American independency.

CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary.

No. I.

Wy Thomas Dinsey, gouverneur over de eysland Saba permitturen be deese aan schipper John Ashmead, voerende de brig genant de Eagle, von Philadelphia, met syn by zig habende volk en laading, bestaande in

4 tieren Speck.
192 Vactten dito.
4 Oxhoofden Taback.
50 Vaeten Brood.
250 Withe oak flaxen voor oxhoofden.

Omme van hier te vertrekken en te navigeeren na St. Eustatius en alle vryge plaatsen heir in de West Indien volgende tractaaten hebbende syn Behoorlyke regt en lasten alhier betaalt.

Des to irkonde dieses door ons gouverneur en secretaris eygenhandig onderteekend en met gewoone slands zegat bevestiget.

Achemos Saba, den 13de Nov. 1779.

THOMAS DINZER.

(L. S.) *IN THEMISE VAN MY.*

CHARLES WINFIELD, Sec.

No. II.

TRANSLATION.

This day, being the sixteenth of November, 1779, before me Anthony Beaujon, first clerk, (officiating during the absence of the secretary) in the service of the honourable chartered Netherlandish West India company, residing at the island of St. Eustatius, in the presence of the witnesses herein after named, appeared John Ashmead, Master, James Brown, Gunner's mate, and Francis Lange, Seaman, who, in their aforesaid capacities, had navigated the brigantine called the Eagle, and in support of truth for the purpose of manifesting it in proper place, did declare, witness, and depose, that they with their aforesaid brigantine and other equipage had sailed from Philadelphia, bound for this island.

That on the 13th instant they, these appearers, had been chased into the road of Saba by a ship, a brigantine, and a schooner, English privateers; that they, these appearers, had cast anchor at Saba aforesaid at or about eleven of the clock, and that he, the first named appearer, had gone ashore and cleared in his vessel and cargo at the governor's and secretary's; that then the brigantine of these appearers lay not above eighty fathoms from the shore, and to the same was fastened by a heavy haulser, and stood right under the fort, and having been at anchor for the space of about one hour, the beforementioned ship, brigantine, and schooner, came likewise to an anchor close to the appearers, and that so close that the brigantine lay at the distance of about ten fathoms from the appearers. A little while after the appearers discovered two sloops and one schooner, to which vessels the brigantine privateer had given a signal, and they one after the other came also to anchor, except one of the sloops that lay off and on. That between the hours of seven and eight, in the evening, the appearer first named being then on shore and with the governor heard the alarm that the brigantine privateer had entered his the said appearers vessel, and was making preparations to take her out; whereupon the governor had given orders to fire alarm and the citizens to appear at the fort to give to the appearer's brigantine as much protection as was in their power to give, that, according to these summons, the said citizens had readily repaired, and in the meanwhile the second and third named of these appearers had swam to the shore, and given information that the brigantine Prial, captain Saunders, belonging to Bristol in Great Britain, had boarded the vessel of the said appearers, and was about taking her out. That in consequence a considerable number of citizens of Saba, with great speed, had repaired to the fort, and spoken to the privateers, "that they should desist from committing hostilities, else they would fire upon them, but that, notwithstanding this, the privateers had continued taking the appearers' brigantine, and going out of the road with her. That thereupon the fort fired upon the ship and brigantine, and the fire was immediately returned from the ship, the brigantine, one of the sloops, and from one of the schooners, that it was a very smart cannonading of whole broadsides and single canon for the space of one hour and a half, with balls and round-shot, to the great danger and peril of the citizens, who had continued firing upon these vessels, until all their ammunition was spent, but that all this was to no purpose of hindering them in the taking out of the appearer's brigantine, which the privateer's crew effected, by towing out the appearer's brigantine, there being little wind.

And the said first-named appearer further declared, that he is informed, that the vessels which had committed that outrage, are as followeth, to wit: the ship Robust, captain Page, belonging to Liverpool; the brigantine Tryal, captain Sanders, belonging to Bristol; the schooner Grey Hound, captain Robert Dunlap, belonging to St. Kitts; the sloop Hawke, captain Isaac Hartman, belonging to Anguilla; one sloop of Antigua, and a schooner, called, The Fame, of Antigua.

And the said appearers, each, with respect to what he has said, do declare, that the foregoing is the pure and upright truth, and that they are ready, when thereunto required, to confirm the same by their solemn oath.

Moreover, he the first-named appearer, and, as far as it may be necessary, the second and third of the appearers, do protest against the cutting out their said brigantine, and the outrages committed by the English privateers, against whom the aforesaid privateers, and all others whom it may concern, for all damages losses, and interests, thereby already had and suffered, and to be had and suffered, to the end to recover the same, or that they may be recovered at such places, and in such manner, as shall be thought proper.

Thus done and passed at St. Eustatia the day of the date first above written, in the presence of Joseph Roda, and Anthony Beaujon, jun. as witnesses, who, as well as the appearers and myself, the first clerk, have duly subscribed the original thereof.

Which I attest,

Collated. ANTHONY BEAUJON,
first clerk.

We, Peter Runnels, captain commandant, officiating in the absence of the honorable and worshipful master Johannes de Græff, governor of the islands of St. Eustatia, Saba, and St. Martin, do hereby make known and certify, that before us appeared, John Ashmead, master, James Brown, gunner's mate, and Francis Lunge, seaman, having in their aforesaid capacities navigated the brigantine Eagle, who, after the foregoing deposition had been truly interpreted to them from the Netherlandish into the English language, did each, on his part, declare the same to contain the fair and upright truth. To which they solemnly adhered, so sure as God Almighty shall help them, these deponents. In testimony whereof, these presents are signed by us, the captain commandant, and by the first clerk, and sealed with the common seal of this island.

Done at St. Eustatia, the 17th Nov. 1779.

(L. S.) PETER RUNNELS.

With my knowledge,
ANTHONY BEAUJON,
first clerk.

Agreeth with its original remaining in the secretary's office of this island.

Done at St. Eustatia, the 18th Nov. 1779.

Which I do attest,

ANTHONY BEAUJON,
first clerk.

Translated February 29th, 1780, by
L. WEISS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Zurich, October 12, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been amusing myself both yesterday and to-day with walking about this town and its delightful neighbourhood, to enjoy the beautiful prospects which present themselves in every direction, and which continually vary as the spectator changes his position. There can, I conceive, be very few situations more delightful than that of Zurich, which is built at one end of the lake of the same name, and on each side of a charming river which issues from it. The houses are neat and clean, as well as ancient; the modern buildings are elegant. Two wooden bridges connect the two parts of the town; on these are mills, turned by the current of the Limat, which supply water to the inhabitants. The public walks are good, particularly the grand one, which extends along the banks of the river, it is charmingly laid out in gravel-walks, groves, and bouquets, in one of which is a handsome monument erected to the memory of the celebrated Gessner, the author of the Death of Abel, and the beautiful Idylls, which we have so often admired together. Gessner was as famous for his taste and talents as a painter and engraver, as a poet, and I have had much pleasure in being at his house, which is now occupied by his widow and sister, who shewed me all his works, and even the very plates he etched.

Madame Gessner tells me her husband was originally intended for a Printer, and, indeed, followed that business for some time, but his taste for drawing made him neglect every thing else; he never learned the principles of the art till he was thirty years of age, but his assiduity and correct taste facilitated his studies very much. She recounted many curious anecdotes respecting him. He used to go into the fields and draw all the leaves, grass, and trees which struck his fancy. Sometimes he would come home with his pocket full of stones, which he would arrange upon the table to give the effect of rocks, precipices, &c. Once, she said, he caught hold of a silk gown she happened to have on, and crumpling it upon the table cried out to her (who was wondering what he was about) *don't you see?—what a grotto!*—and uttering a thousand exclamations which were to her totally unintelligible.

The monument I have mentioned was to his honour erected by his fellow-citizens, and is of a simple yet elegant taste.

There is another walk, somewhat elevated, called the Linden Hof, where the society of archers have, for this century past, exercised themselves with the cross-bow. On one side is a statue of William Tell.

The ramparts furnish a walk still more elevated, and much more commanding; from a summer seat at one end there is a beautiful view over the lake for several leagues, and of its little white sails, and its shores sloping up to the mountains, rich in vineyards, pastures, villages, and white country seats, whose forms are distinctly reflected by its calm surface. The horizon is skirted with high mountains in every direction, but at the farthest end of the lake the snow-covered peaks of the Alps rise in all the majesty of sublime nature. Whenever I turn my eyes to this scene, I cannot refrain from bursting out into new exclamations as if it was the first time I beheld it, and I take delight in occasionally renewing the pleasure I feel in contemplating it.

Zurich was the Tigurum of the Romans, and the inhabitants pretend that an old square tower, which stands on a rock in the river, and serves as a prison, is one of their works. The fortifications are in excellent order, and tend to embellish the town very much; they are faced with hewn stone, and the grass in the dry ditches and on the ramparts mowed very close.

This is at present the headquarters of the commander in chief of the army of reserve, and the place is deluged with French officers. Every citizen is obliged to quarter a few soldiers, and even poor Lavater, in his desperate situation, is applied to, to receive one.

Poor Lavater!—We have just come from paying him a visit. When we came to his house he was in great pain, but as soon as he was better he spoke to us with cheerfulness, and apologised for being such bad company. We had a long conversation with him on different subjects. He told us that from what he had seen of the Americans, who had been at Zurich, he liked them better than any Europeans. Had Lavater been in good health, I should have taken this observation as a polite compliment but from a man who is on the brink of the grave, and cannot live a month longer, and that man, Lavater, so celebrated for his discernment in matters of external character I consider it as curious and interesting to my countrymen.

When we took leave of him, he presented each of us with a *souvenir*, or *remembrancer*, which is generally some sentence or drawing, intended to remind the person to whom it is

given, of his friend; it is a very common custom on the continent to give them, and I have seen whole books of such drawings and writings. Lavater's *souvenir* was a card, with an engraved border; on mine he had written the following words,

à monsieur **** ****
Qu'est ce que l'homme?

l'honneur et la houte, le chef et l'esclave de la creation. Au Dieu et un diable incarné.—Qu'est ce que sa destination? De choisir entre deur chouses—ou de devenir un image pur de la divinité, qui n'est que charité, ou du diable, qui n'est que malicie.

5. 11. X. 1800 à Zurich—Jean Gaspard Lavater.

He told us, he had a vast number of portraits and other drawings, which he has never published, and that he had several ideas in his head respecting the connection between the human and brute creation, which he believes he shall not live long enough to communicate to the world. Some things he shewed us, executed under his own eye, were very curious and of ingenious invention.

The environs of Zurich will be rendered famous in military history, on account of the number of battles, which were fought here last year. I am told there were upwards of 12000 Russians slain, besides French and Austrians.

Lucerne, 13th October.

We quitted Zurich early this morning, and travelled along the borders of its delightful lake, to the foot of mount Albis, where we were obliged to hire additional horses to assist the voituriers in dragging our carriage up this steep ascent, which is one of the most formidable in Switzerland for carriages. Mr.——and I walked up in about three quarters of an hour, and found a decent inn at the top. Without resting, we set out to gain a point of view, called the *signal*, which lay about a mile along the ridge, and from whence we had a most noble and extensive prospect of the lake, the Alps, the lake of Zug, and part of the lake of Lucerne, with all the rich landscape a Swiss view affords, we returned to our inn in fine spirits, for a mountain air, joined with the contemplation of the grand scenes of nature, gave a vivacity and animation, that a less elevated situation and humbler prospects could never have done. The exercise we had taken, made us relish the homely fare we procured at the inn, and we set off afterwards to to descend the mountain, in the manner we ascended.

The country all the way to Zug was a perfect garden. We remained at this small town (which is the capital of the canton of same name, and situated at the head of its pretty little lake) just as the members of the government were sitting down at the *table d'hote*, that is at 12 o'clock, the common dining-hour in Switzerland, except Sunday, when it is 11. We immediately joined them, and entered into conversation with one, who appeared to have the manners of one who had seen the world. The rest put me in mind of the company you see at a tavern-dinner, during a country-court, and afforded full scope for our observation and remarks.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

While Cowper was laboriously engaged in his Translation of Homer, and his commentary on Milton, he became acquainted with Hayley, the poet; and thus describes the wishes, and the cares of an affectionate friend, and an anxious commentator.

Dear architect of fine *Chateaux air*,
Worthier to stand forever if they could
Than any built of stone, or yet of wood
For back of royal Elephant to bear!
Oh, for permission from the skies to share
Much to my own, though little to thy good
With thee, not subject to thy jealous mood,
A partnership of literary ware.
But I am bankrupt now! and doom'd henceforth
To drudge in descant dry on others lays,
Bards I acknowledge of unequalled worth,
But what is commentators happiest praise?
That he has furnished lights for other eyes,
Which they, who need them, use, and then despise.

—

WHIMSICAL EPIEAPH.

Some years since, a Mr. Dickson, who was Provost of Dundee in Scotland, died, and by will left the sum of one guinea, to a person to compose an epitaph upon him; which sum he directed the three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line.

1st Here lies Dickson, provost of Dundee
2 Here lies Dickson, here lies he,

The third was embarrassed for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawld

Hallelujah, halleluje

—

On the decease of Mrs. Vanbutchell, wife of Mr. Vanbutchell, Dentist, he contrived, with the assistance of that eminent anatomist Dr. William Hunter, by means of a kind of pickle, so to preserve the body, as to give it nearly the appearance of life and health, put it into a glass case, and shewed it for a long time to his friends and acquaintance.

The following epitaph was written upon her by Mr. Grove of Litchfield, by way of translation to a Latin one, written by Dr. Barker.

Here, unentom'd Vanbutchell's consort lies,
To feed her husband's grief or charm his eyes;
Full sweet and pure her body still remains,
And all its former elegance retains:
Long had disease been preying on her charms
Till slow she sunk in Death's expecting arms
When Hunter's skill, in spite of natures laws,
Her beauties rescued from corruption's jaws
Bade the pale roses of her cheeks revive
And her shrunk features seem again to live
—Hunter, who first conceiv'd the happy thought
And here at length to full perfection brought,
O lucky husband! blest of heaven,
To thee, the privilege is given
A much lov'd wife at home to keep,
Caress converse with—even sleep
Close by her side, whene'er you will,
As quiet as if living still.
And, strange to tell, that fairer she
And purer than alive should be
Fair, plump, and tender as before
And full as tractable—or more
Thrice happy mortal! envied lot
What a rare treasure hast thou got
Who to a woman can lay claim
Whose tempers every day the same.

—

ON AN UNDERTAKER.

Subdued by Death, here Death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories:
Yet, sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd breath,
Made it his business still to look for Death.

—

ON GATHERING SOME VIOLETS FOR—

Beneath thy silken lashes shade,
Those 'eyes of dewy light;'
Nor let the envious violets fade
To find their tints less bright.

—

THE HAPPY CHRISTENING.

Thomas Weds—and four months barely pass o're his head
When his spouse, God be thank'd, of a boy's brought to bed,
'Now what shall we call him,' my dear, said his wife,
'Let me think,' answered Tom, 'Call him *Courier*, my life:
For he's travelled a journey of *nine* months or more,
To my joy and delight in the short space of *four*.

Epitaph on one, who occasionally performed the baisiness of Taylor and Barber.

In a timber surtout here are wrapt the remains
Of a mower of beards, and a user of skains;
'Twas the shears of grim Death cut his stay-tape of life
And sever'd him far from twist, razors and wife,
But the prayer of all people, he serv'd for, or shav'd
Is, that he's with the remnant of those that are sav'd.

—

On a Libertine.

Here lies the vile dust of the sinfullest wretch,
That ever the Devil delayed to fetch:
But the reader will grant it was needless he should
When he saw him a coming as fast as he could.

—

On Twin Sisters, buried together.

Fair marble tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death drew tears from every eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew they shone,
So much alike, so much the same
Death quite mistook them both for one.

—

FIGHTING DOG.

Lord Camelford, last week purchased Mr. Mellish's celebrated fighting dog. This animal who as renowned for his battles as Bonaparte, was originally the property of *fighting* Humphreys, he next came into the possession of *fighting* Johnson, by whom he was dearly loved and much admired; his next owner was *fighting* Ward, who sold him a few months ago to Mr. Mellish, for 20 guineas. His Lordship being fascinated with the bold feats and the spirited demeanour of the animal, proposed to buy him, and Mr. Mellish consented to sell him in the *carcase way*. The dog was accordingly put into the scale, after a good hearty dinner of tripe, and was found to weigh forty-two pounds. The price which they agreed upon was two guineas per pound, so that the purchase-money amounted to the sum of eighty-four gunias. This was satisfied in the following manner: A favourite gun, belonging to his Lordship, value 44 guineas. It would have been an insult to this noble animal to hove paid the purchase in money, and therefore, he was in a manner exchanged for those warlike articles. He is known by the name of *Belcher* has fought 104 battles, and never was beat. A more warlike pedigree, or nobler blood, cannot be boasted by any of the canine race in England. To his other great and good qualities he adds a singular instinct, by which he is enabled to know a brave man from a coward, and he is as much attached to the former, as he hates the latter, His Lordship is so pleased with his purchase, he declares no money shall part him and his dog.

[*Lon. paper.*

—

BLOOD HOUND.

The Thrapston Association for the prosecution of felons, in Northamptonshire, have provided and trained a blood hound for the detection of sheep stealers. To prove the utility of the hound, the 28th ult. was appointed for the purpose of exercising it. The person he was to hunt started at ten o'cloch in the forenoon, in the presence of a great concourse of people, and at eleven the hound was let loose; when after a chase of an hour and a half, notwithstanding a very indifferent scent, the hound found him secreted on a tree, at the distance of fifteen miles.

[*ibid.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Imitation from the French of Fontenelle.

Struck with a tender air I play'd,
The fav'rite of my charming maid,
Young Cupid promis'd, for another,
Two kisses from his lovely mother—

No, no, cry'd I, my little friend,
You know which way my wishes tend;
I'll play it o'er and o'er again,
But for a single kiss from Jane.

He vow'd to grant my fond desire,
And sweeter sounds produc'd my lyre;
But will you, Jane, propitious prove,
And keep the promises of love?

ROWLAND.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On seeing a lady weep while reading an interesting story.

Let those of wealth and power possess't,
In Fortune's giddy circle move;
But come, and be my constant guest,
Sweet Pity, soft-ey'd friend of Love.

I saw thy pure effusions steal,
In pearly drops, from Delia's eye;
There's none thy power can stronger feel,
And none can heave a tend'rer sigh.

Learn then of her, my soften'd heart,
To sympathise with others woe;
Thy soothing influence impart,
And with thy best emotions glow.

Yet stay—for in thy silent train
Th' insidious shafts of Love I see;
And, if I deeply feel their pain,
Will Delia ever pity me?

PARMEGIANO.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Of the nine lyric poets, so highly praised by antiquity, we have few remains, except of Anacreon and Pindar; but the literary world must derive some consolation from reflecting, that probably such parts of their writings as were most valuable in themselves, being equally applicable to all ages and countries, have been preserved by Horace. This appears not only from a comparison of several passages in his works with such fragments of their writings, as remain, not only from his frequent mention of them as his originals, but from the singular circumstance, that, having scarcely any models of lyric poetry in his own language, he raised it, at once, to the highest point of perfection which that language admits. Lyric poetry, amongst the Romans, may be said to have begun and ended with him; for he had no predecessors, unless Catullus be ranked as such, and his successors have long since been forgotten. He, therefore, alone supports the lyric fame of his country, but he supports it with Herculean strength.

The following ode contains the principles of a moderate and rational Epicurean, such as Horace seems to have been, and not those of a debauched and inordinate votary of pleasure.]

HOR. LIB. I. ODE 18.

Translated by W. Boscawen, Esq.

Varus, the vine prefer, where'er you sow
The genial soil of Tiber's far-fam'd fields,
Dull sober mortals heaven o'erwhelms with woe,
To wine alone corroding sorrow yields.

What generous soul, when cheering wine inspires,
Dread fears of wan poverty annoy?
Thee, jocund god, the grateful heart admires,
Thee, Venus, queen of pure unsullied joy.

Yet, warn'd, your social mirth let temp'rance guide,
Beware the Lapithæ and Centaur's ire,
So the mad Thracians right and wrong divide,
By the thin boundaries of their wild desire.

No, gentle godhead, friend to peace and love,
Ne'er shall my voice thy genial soul affright,
Ne'er pierce the deep inviolable grove,
Nor drag thy mysteries to unhallow'd light.

Let then no Phrygian cymbals wake the breast,
For then self-love prevails with impulse blind,
And empty pride displays her airy crest,
And lavish confidence unveils the mind.

—

[The heart of Anacreon, devoted to indolence, seems to think that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness enough in wealth. The cheerfulness with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing Like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so very feelingly, and which breathes characteristically in all that he has sung. His disposition was amiable; his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and virtue, with her zone unloosed, is an emblem of his character.

All the translators and commentators have differed widely in their conception of this ode. It seems scarcely possible that this antique Grecian gem should be placed in a fairer light than it has been done by Mr. Moore.]

ODE 18.

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine, in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers,
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears and withers there,
*But for you, my burning mind,
Oh! what shelter shall I find,
Can the bowl or flowrets' dew
Cool the flame, that scorches you?

—

CANZONET.

Lady! when with glad surprise,
I meet thy soft and shaded eyes,
Or, lost in dreams of love, behold,
Thy waving locks of darken'd gold,
Or press the lip whose dew discloses
Sweets, that seem the breath of roses,
Lady! I sigh, and, with a tear,
Swear earth is heaven if thou art near.

But when the hour of transport's o'er,
My soul's delight is seen no more,
Remembering all thy host of charms,
I tremble then with wild alarms,
And, taught by jealous doubt, discover,
In every gazing youth a lover,
Confessing, with a silent tear,
That heaven and hell are wond'rous near.

—

[Sir Charles Sedley was never more conspicuous for that *prevailing gentle* art, which has been ascribed to him, than in the following gallant stanzas, which surpass in finesse and delicacy of compliment even the bland expressions of Waller to his Amoret or Sacharissa.]

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am ty'd to very thee,
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

—

[The following Song, though from the pen of a nobleman, whose wickedness was at least equal to his wit, is pure; and, if deformed by some of Cowley's peculiarities, is still an agreeable trifle.]

Insulting beauty you mispence
Those frowns upon your slave;
Your scorn against such rebels bend
Who dare with confidence pretend
That other eyes their hearts defend
From all the charms you have.

Your conquering eyes so partial are,
Or mankind is so dull,
That, while I languish in despair,
Many proud, senseless hearts declare,
They find you not so killing fair,
To wish you merciful.

They, an inglorious freedom boast,
I triumph in my chain;
Nor am I unreveng'd, though lost,
Nor you unpunish'd, though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your disdain.

—

MOLLY'S RESOLVE.

Ned says your fair, I say your brown,
He says you smile, I say you frown—
Now, prithee, which is right?
To suit my answer to your mind,
If true it is that Love is blind,
Ye both have lost your sight.

For if on Ned I chance to smile,
You sicken, and turn pale the while,
And think I frown on you,
Or when he calls me Molly fair,
I black or brown to you appear,
Or any but the true.

But if you wish my mind to know,
And which the favourite, Ned or you,
I'll e'en no longer jest;
Ned has his charms, and so have you,
But, as I cannot marry two,
First love they say is best.

—

EPIGRAM

ON A SELF-APPLAUDER.

To speak in Nimium's praise I'd plann'd,
But he out-plans me hollow;
And he's so much the abler hand,
I can't attempt to follow.

* The translator remarks that the transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned.

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